HARPER'S MAGAZINE / 2 PARK AVENUE / NEW YORK, N. Y. 10016

half price offer The effect of alcohol on different races is as remarkable as it is invariable. An Englishman becomes haughty; a Swede sad; an Irishman sentimental; a Russian fraternal; a German melodious. A Scotchman always becomes militant.... John Kenneth Galbraith in Harper's.

Few if any responsible political leaders are prepared even to discuss a question freighted with hideous memories of the "eugenics" of Hitler's Third Reich. Nonetheless, it seems inevitable that—as with the splitting of the atom—scientific progress in genetics will in the foreseeable future raise issues of public policy which scientists alone cannot resolve.... Lucy Eisenberg in Harper's.

The poor and the wealthy sleep side by side in the cities; the middle classes run back and forth to suburbia. The only trouble with the arrangement is that the cities are being strangled in ribbons of concrete and choked by automobiles. For most Americans, the really dramatic challenge of the twentieth century is not how to establish a colony on Mars but how to find a parking place downtown; the threat that hangs over us is not instant annihilation by the atom but slow strangulation by the auto.

...Andrew Schiller in Harper's.

On the campus Existentialism—which is both a mood and a metaphysics—is compounded of anxiety about being lost in the crowd and the lack of closeness or intimacy with fellow students. Sometimes the despairing response to these feelings is sexual promiscuity...

(CONTINUED INSIDE)



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## Harper's

Subscription Department 381 West Genter St. Marion, Ohio 43302 in eccentric dress and flamboyant behavior. Such climates of opinion are contagious and often attract spurious reactions. These can be downright funny, as in the reported case of the student who used to telephone his girl friend and say, "Honey, I'm in the abyss again. How about going out for a beer?"...J. Glenn Gray in Harper's.

Dear Reader:

Rolls Royce doesn't make half-price offers. Neither does Van Cleef & Arpels.

Why then should Harper's, begettor of the emeralds above (and on envelope) suddenly be selling itself for a full year at \$4.25 when everybody knows it costs \$8.50? In other words, at half-price?

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... and we can only hope that you find our ideas stimulating, if not agreeable ... or that you're married -- or if not, that you choose a non-subscriber.

Like Scandinavian sweaters and Tiparillos, Harper's is intended for both sexes. Lady readers in the past months have learned from Sloan Wilson about the American way of birth ("much derided these days by male intellectuals, but women speak rather softly about it, at least after they have their first child....")

They've had a housewife's account of a day at the races ("I was beginning to feel that I was in Zurich where everybody speaks Swiss-Deutsch and you're lucky if you catch every eighth word ....") They've had advice from an amateur archaeologist

on the best place to get antiques abroad (Italy's Herculaneum, where you dig them up with a shovel).

They've enjoyed Katie Loucheim's delightful poems ("Dear Cousin Jane keeps going round the world; / round as her pearls and rich as they are rare, / she packs the mountain top and folds the view, / as all well ordered widows do, with care ..."). And they've shared Marya Mannes's impression that if you can't get into Misses, you've had it:

"Corporate fashion thinking has long since established that the woman who needs a size 18 or 20 has lost hope.

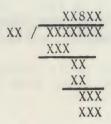
"The best they can do for the menopause market ... is to provide some modest shrouds in sleazy fabrics to cover the unmentionable form and announce at the same time, as discreetly as possible, that the wearer has resigned from such temporal pleasures as sex."

Male readers have been subject to similar stimuli. They've commiserated with gentleman farmer William Jay Smith when that patriotic soul ran for a seat in his legislature ("I was one of twenty-nine members who stood to oppose placing a bounty on coyotes .... My reasons for opposing the bill were simple: I could not see that we had much evidence that there were any coyotes in Vermont.")

They've listened to the arguments of an astronomer who is using a computer to figure out the reason for Stonehenge (his conjecture: that all those rocks formed a solar observatory) ... and said Amen to George Plimpton's epitaph for Cassius Clay ("His great good looks are wrong for the excessive things he shouts ....")

They've heard management consultant Peter Drucker shatter some shibboleths about how to behave as a top man in business ("If I were a company president, I would not worry at all whether my company and I were 'liked' ....")

Together, Harper's husbands and wives -- often enlisting their young -- have also been victimized by a man named Philip Kaplan, who thinks up puzzles for Harper's that are supposed to take 25 minutes to solve, but we wouldn't blame you if you took all year. One of his more fiendish examples:



The point is to figure out the different numbers that all of the X's stand for. To spare you undue psychiatric treatment, we'll give the answer after we sign off this letter.

Harper's isn't named for a day of the week, for a metropolis, for an ocean, or for an abstract idea. Its title derives from a man, James Harper, who a century ago was sufficiently peppery not only to found a publishing house but to be the Mayor of New York.

The personal tradition he established continues. Harper's is edited not by committee or computer, but by people (for the present generation by John Fischer, and a remarkably able staff). And it's written and illustrated by people:

People who argue, get mad, draw aim, expose, sing praise, become passionate, dream, suffer disillusion and say witty things. In short, people who care. And they care about things that concern you, too. Some of them pretty deeply:

Is the civil rights movement going too fast? What can be done about America's image abroad? How can our cities be reclaimed? The population explosion -- when will it pop? Where do you draw the line at Welfare?

Is it the juveniles or the parents? Is the moon race really worth it? Can organized religion still cope with it all, or is it time for a new philosophy? Are labor unions getting out of hand? Where does cultural censorship end, and dictatorship take over?

Harper's comes to you monthly, but please don't expect a slick, billboard-size cascade of color.

It is the writers who provide our pages with vermilion, indigo, jade, gold.

For Harper's is meant to be read, not just looked at. To tickle the brain, more than the eye. To stretch out with. Curl up with. Lie flat with. To be with over morning coffee, afternoon martinis, evening Ovaltine.

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Promotion Director

RAH/RR

P.S. As to the puzzle on page 3, the mathematics are these: